Bish. They giue themselues the name of Protestants,
And meete in fields and solitary groues.
Sir Iohn. Was euer heard (my Lord) the like till now?
That theeues and rebels, sblood heretikes,
Plaine heretikes, Ile stand too't to their teeth,
Should haue to colour their vile practises,
A Title of such worth, as Protestant? *Enter one with a letter*
Suf. O but you must not sweare, it ill becomes
One of your coate, to rap out bloody Oathes.
Bish. Pardon him good my Lord, it is his zeale,
An honest country Prelate, who laments
To see such foule disorder in the Church.
S. Iohn. There's one they call him Sir Iohn Old-castle,
He has not his name for nought: for like a Castle
Doth he encompasse them within his walles,
But till that castle be subuerted quite,
We ne're shall be at quiet in the Realme.
Bish. That is our suite (my Lord) that he be tane
And brought in question for his heresie:
Beside, two Letters brought me out of Wales,
Wherein my Lord *Hertford* writes to me,
What tumult and sedition was begun,
About the Lord Cobham, at the Sizes there,
For they had much adoo to calme the rage,
And that the valiant *Herbert* is there slaine.
Suf. A fire that must be quencht. Well, say no more,
The King anon goes to the counsell Chamber,
There to debate of matters touching France,
As he doth passe by, Ile informe his grace
Concerning your petition. Master Butler,
If I forget, do you remember mee.
But. I will my Lord. *Offer him a purse.*
Bish. Not as a recompence,
But as a Token of our loue to you.
By me (my Lords) the Clergy doth present
This purse, and in it full a thousand Angels,

Praying

Praying your Lordship to accept their gift.
Suf. I thanke them, my Lord Byshop, for their
But will not take their money, if you please
To giue it to this Gentleman, you may.
Bish. Sir, then we craue your furtherance herein.
But. The best I can my Lord of Rochester.
Bish. Nay, pray take it, trust me you shall.
S. Iohn. Were ye all three vpon New-Market he
You should not neede straine curt'sie who should
Sir Iohn would quickly rid ye of that care.
Suff. The King is comming: Feare ye not my L
The very first thing I will breake with him
Shall be about your matter.
Enter King Harry and Huntington in talk
Har. My Lord of Suffolke,
Was it not saide the Clergy did refuse
To lend vs money toward our warres in France?
Suf. It was my Lord, but very wrongfully.
Har. I know it was: for *Huntington* heere tels
They haue bene very bountifull of late.
Suf. And still they vow my gracious Lord to
Hoping your Maiesty will thinke of them
As of your louing Subiects, and suppresse
All such malicious errors as begin
To spot their calling, and disturbe the Church.
Har. God else forbid: why Suffolke,
Is there any new rupture to disquiet them?
Suf. No new my Lord, the old is great enou
And so increasing, as if not cut downe,
Will breede a scandall to your Royall State,
And set your kingdome quickly in an vprore.
The Kentish Knight, Lord Cobham in despigh
Of any Law, or spirituall discipline,
Maintaines this vpstart new Religion still,
And diuers great assemblies by his meanes
And priuate quarrels, are commenc'd abroad,